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ONE of the hardest problems with which students of philosophy have had to grapple since the time of Plato is that of stimulation. For them it becomes a question of the relation of the self to the outer world. Evolutionary science knows it under the phrase "organism and environment." In psychology it is the question of the relation of subject and object, or knower and known. Most commonly it is stated as the relation of man to nature. If this problem could be satisfactorily and detailedly solved, the nature of the universe would be laid bare before us; we should know, in the oft-repeated phrase of Tennyson, "what God and man" are. It is needless to say that that high end is not yet; but recent years have made worthy contributions to our knowledge, in the light of which the beginnings of the path to even that goal appear.

Briefly put, the question is: How does the outer world affect me; of what sort must it be that it can affect me; of what sort must I be that we, so seemingly dissimilar, can enter into this relation? We would study but one small phase of this great question, that phase of it which has to do not so much with the nature of the terms of this relation as with the occasion and the time of their relatedness.

The human being is an activity; a current of changes in which wants constantly give place to satisfactions, and satisfactions to further wants. From the day of his birth to the day of

his death his life is on-going. The psychologist beholds in him a stream of consciousness; the physiologist, a constant succession of bodily changes. There seems to be an unvarying relation between these two aspects of his make-up, so that, as is well known, there are two roads open to anyone who would go the way of the psychologist in the examination of any problem: the first, a spiritualistic highway which finds the energy of consciousness to be of a nature of its own, and of such a peculiar kind that one can treat it only by figures in our common speech; the other, a physiological path in which it is a sufficient explanation to adhere to the law of material equivalents, and to treat consciousness as the result of brain conditions. It is conceived that these two ways are not divergent in so far as they must be trodden in the treatment of this question; that the results which appear from following one are just as truly furnished by the other, with perhaps but slight change of phrase; that the activity is fundamental, and behaves in much the same way no matter whence derived. We shall for purposes of illustration follow the physiological path.

The human being is a complex activity inside of whose circumference a ceaseless change is ever striving to go on. The fuel for this process—the energy of the human machine—is furnished us in food and air. At first it has forms of its own—is reduced to solution—is taken into circulation, disappears from our sight; but seems to reappear in the heat of the body, in the friction of its processes, and in muscular and mental energy. The two ends of this chain of energy are plain to view. The connecting links between them are as yet unseen. If, as physiologists believe, there are no hidden sources of energy, no inflowings of subtle and as yet undiscovered forms of power; if air and food are all the outer forms of this process, they can be measured, and the amount of fuel which the machine consumes exactly determined. But it is admittedly impossible as yet to trace its many redistributions to their final outcome with exactitude. One knows how much goes in; he knows that it is changed and, after many metamorphoses, restored again; but the details of this change he cannot state. Yet it is known that there results

body-energy, for heat and to keep up body-processes, muscle-energy, and energy of brain, whenever fuel is furnished the human machine. The difference between the amount of food required to sustain a man in idleness and to sustain him at labor is a very rough and unsatisfactory indication of the muscular energy which that labor demands. Upon this basis the statement is sometimes made that the laborer is paid for 25 per cent. of all the energy distributed by the human machine. Assuming, for purposes of illustration, that these figures have a proximate value, it will appear that only a small part of the energy taken up in air and food reappears in manual work. What becomes of the balance, for the quantity is supposed to remain constant? Three times the salable energy of muscular labor remains internal: is retained to do the work of the body, to furnish it with heat, to drive on its processes, and to equip the brain for its work. One-fourth of the efficiency of life is manual efficiency; one-sixth is energy of thought. More than one-half is required for the wants of the organism itself. Once more, these figures are not offered as exact. The exact determinations are not yet made. They are used here for purposes of illustration; yet they are furnished by a multitude of experiments upon this subject, conducted in many parts of the world. It is evident that they must vary for different individuals; that the muscular energy of the professional man is not the same as that of the laborer; that the thought-energy of the laboring man is not the same as that of the thinker. Yet human beings, wherever found, are thus bilateral. Nature has supplied them with sensory as well as with motor centers. She has organized them as plan-makers and executors, and she is constantly furnishing each of us with the means for carrying out this two-sided process. Moreover, she is a constant adjuster. The penalty of having a brain is to use it. So with the body, there is nowhere any stoppage of the process of activity. The energy of muscle must become work. The energy of brain must appear as a form of consciousness. The supply of energy is relatively constant; its discharge is constant; all superficial limits to its further expression it overrides. The fame of Kant rests in large part upon his having heralded to the world the

presence of a moral law whose behests the individual must obey. But his critics have not been slow to point out that the sense of duty is the sense of must do—not of must do this or that. And this sense of the impossibility of not acting is the most fundamental characteristic of our nature. Particular forms of action we can decline, but no man can cease to be an active being—can refuse to expend his energy—and live. Change must go on within him, and, in spite of anything he may do, it does go on within him; for nature is constantly renewing within him the means for a self-directing existence; and the power to forecast and to plan is restored side by side with the power to build and execute. Each man is outfitted as an organism which shall both behold and do.

Early men escaped many of the difficulties which have befallen their successors. Each individual among them was both initiator and executor; each made his own plans, and himself carried them into effect. His possibilities and his activities were nearly equal. His normal relation to the world can be written in an equation. His usual activity was of a kind to call forth all his powers. Hence, little energy was misapplied. There was little crime, little morbidness, little of harmful indulgence in his life. And, though a barbarian, he was free from the extreme vices of civilized life. But there came a time in his development when he found himself in the possession of energy not required in the work necessary to gain food, clothing, and shelter, and in keeping the peace with his neighbor. This superabundance of activity expressed itself first in play, we are told. And when it became a common holding, public games were instituted; for games were not only forms of enjoyment; they were also useful as a preparation for the chase and for war. Unused activity became a weakened imitation of the most impressive forms of social life, and play was molded to social ends. In more developed conditions this free energy became art, and served the state and the common religion, often being organized to social use by the leaders of the people. Here again it is worth noting that the forms of expression freely followed were but reexpressions of the enforced acts of plowing

and reaping; of weaving and building; of sharing and supplicating. No man became an artist through himself alone. His free energy was harnessed in the common experience, and served the common need. The world was yet new. Tasks waited for those who could perform them. And while some refused to serve and sought strange ways in which to spend themselves, most served with eagerness, both planning and performing for the common weal. Thus was art born out of man's unused powers working spontaneously for social ends.

In civilized society this working harmony of need and efficiency is destroyed. Divisions of labor are introduced, but differences of structure do not immediately follow. If one is not compelled "to work," he busies himself in other ways; and he must do so. His cells drive him into action. Satan is not more sure to supply him with work than are they to put him at it. The principle is generally recognized in so far as the muscles are concerned; but one hesitates to apply it to one's entire functioning. It is indeed quite true that there are grave objections to the use of the term "energy of consciousness." Nevertheless, it stands for a thought—a fact which as yet can be represented in no better way.

To offer ready avenues of discharge for this energy not used in necessary productive effort, society is in the habit of making for itself super-necessary activities—activities which are not strictly necessary to the preservation of bodily life, activities which will outlet the surplusage, and give pleasure in so doing. In theory, the line between these two forms of activity is easy to draw; for does not everyone recognize the minimum needful as distinct from the superfluous? In practice, the division is infinitely harder to make, possibly because both forms of effort are necessary, since both further the process of human activity.

But there is a rough test which may guide us. The end which is followed in necessary effort is remote. The end which is followed in simply freeing pent-up energy attends the act itself. Certain acts serve; others merely employ and please. Much of the machinery of society is of this latter class. Social conventions are not all necessary to productive effort. In fact,

most forms of social opportunity partake of the nature of luxuries. Parties, dances, calls, festivals, many forms of address and æsthetic pleasure, are of this kind. And most of these are ancient institutions which have proven their fitness to function in this way by remaining through the years. Among characteristic institutions which society seems to have created for this purpose are the theater, the novel, gambling, and drink. That this seemingly rash classification may not give unnecessary pain, it is to be noted that, while these institutions are grouped together upon a common principle, they differ widely among themselves.

One great difference between the modern theater and the ancient stage is to be found in the fact that, while the ancient theater was consciously regarded as a teaching institution, its modern namesake exists chiefly to please. As man becomes surer of his place in the world, he has less need to be instructed therein, and more need for other forms of occupation. The character of the stage has varied to suit this changing need. The theater belongs to society as a whole. For everyone it is a social opportunity. If one's own condition does not afford emotion-producing and thought-demanding crises in the requisite degree, he may always find them ready-made here. On the ancient stage conflicting destinies worked themselves out in full view of the people. With us the theater exists to lend an emotional coloring to life through pleasure or through pleasant pain. It offers avenues of escape from self (which is always more properly written escape *for* self). Not all are in bondage to the theater. The busy man, the man of events and affairs, the man for whom life is a drama, or to whose alert attention history, past and in the making, is supplying scenes which evoke his entire wealth of feeling, this man is not compelled to see situations through others' eyes, nor to depend upon the arbitrary selections of the playwright for emotional stimulation. Modern life is said to lack color. As measured by its many special attempts to supply it, the statement is true. But the color is not absent. It is overlooked. With the coming of divisions of labor, the mind was divided into

faculties, each with its own specially maintained agency of stimulation. To the man whose mind is one, to whom the whole world supplies stimuli, there is still no lack. Had not social conditions and social sanctions divided work off from pleasure, there had never been a labor problem nor special means to overcome the human dwarfing thus produced. Feeling had not been forcibly separated from effort, nor would special forms for its production have been necessary. The theater as it exists today is then a social necessity, but it is more necessary in certain conditions than in others.

In approaching the subject of the novel, a layman may be pardoned if he would escape the sharp edge of censure by repeating the statement of a critic that the mission of literature is to please. Certain it is that, if it were solely to instruct, the whole world had been thoroughly instructed long since, so prodigious is the effort expended in this direction. At any rate, it is possible to use much that is written as the occasion for the production of a series of easy, graceful images before the mind. Thus one may read without thinking deeply, or even feeling deeply. The mission of the book then becomes that of substituting another's day-dream for my own. This is not a form of intellectual effort that can be commended; but much reading is doubtless of this kind. Reading in which the effort is followed for its own sake—reading to keep from thinking how dull it is, and to relieve the tense energy of one's brain in a play of images which the text releases through the medium of the eyes—one may get this out of books; he may also get something more; but there are situations innumerable in which he is happy to attain even this result. "There are books that thus draw you out of yourself, and for the time put you in that no-man's land which is east of the sun and west of the moon," and in which you are caused "to repeat, parrot-like, the imagination of the author." But there are other books, the reading of which calls forth your own thoughts and causes your mind to undertake an alert search through all its corners for facts which will substantiate or disprove that which is written. Reading them is a more serious business; for it is both a struggle to comprehend and a

challenge to accept. In both cases they stimulate to expression an activity hitherto unexpressed. In both cases a great need is served.

In these and similar ways, too numerous for detailed statement, society offers stimulus which frees the tension of highly charged nerve centers; and these forms of stimulus are laid hold of by the seemingly busy man as well as by the idler. Even the ordinary occupations in which brain works with hand do not exhaust. Even here there is an overplus of energy which is expended in such ways. Devised forms of stimulus are necessary here over and above those which seem to be more essential.

But there are conditions of society in which demand is made more unequally—in which the human agent does not by any means function so completely; and here the need for artificial stimulus is greater still. The common laborer is endowed by nature as a plan-maker. He functions as a manual laborer. His work is planned by others. He executes their plans. Even if his work demanded some thought at first, it speedily becomes habitual and requires but a minimum of mental energy for its discharge. He leads a narrow life of habits. His work does not demand thought. It is not sufficiently his own to fill up his feelings. His home life is narrow, and he soon discovers, hopelessly narrow. If he originally thinks to mend it, he soon discovers the hopelessness of the task, and settles into a state of sordid apathy with regard to it. The opportunity to think or to feel deeply is denied to him in his work; indirectly, this fact denies it to him in his home. Here his responsibilities are narrowed to the minimum of handing over a part of his wages on pay-days. The responsibility of domestic care settle upon the shoulders of his wife. The home is for her a little world full of variety. For him it is a place into whose life he does not penetrate sufficiently to be absorbed thereby; and since a race of perverse scorners and thoughtless questioners have taken away from him the consolations of religion, he is no longer seriously occupied with the pleasures of a projected hope. Work, home, and church have ceased to call forth his best energy. One

further interest remains—that of men in general. Does not society with its massive power, with its sweep of varied life and interest, with its mighty purposes, its wars and rumors of war, its successes and its failures, its crushings and its nurturings, its fatalistic necessity and its womanlike tender-heartedness—does not this gigantic panorama of living seize him, and call forth the tribute of his thought and feeling? I answer, no; it is an unknown world to him. His vision is limited to an infinitely smaller field of view. The interests of his locality may be his; and since man is everywhere a political animal, this is generally true. But the kind of organization which here obtains is not such as to make him independent of, but rather dependent on, the will of the “boss;” and the petty part which he is allowed to play, in place of calling forth his own enthusiasm, leads him into counsels where he must merely obey. The rule of the machine is everywhere a menace to American manhood, because under the very pretense of expressing the will of its followers, and quite unknown to them, it robs them of their will, and counts their votes while it suppresses their intelligence. Such is the situation in which many forms of “vice” prosper. A thoroughgoing division of labor has robbed the workingman of the necessity of using his brain. His employer thinks out his work. His wife thinks out the problems of domestic life. The bombastic freethinker and the boastful atheist or the complacent priest think out his religion for him. While the “boss” and his cabinet do his political thinking, the energy of his own consciousness is nowhere demanded. He is nowhere immediately responsible for these processes. He seldom becomes vitally interested in them. They are outside him. He accepts their results, but can do so only formally. They do not lay hold of him as his own. They, therefore, cannot demand the tribute of his feeling—cannot call forth the energy to think, which nature is constantly renewing within him. Brain-energy is little used in his process of life. It accumulates. He becomes restless, uneasy, is not functioning properly, does not feel like himself, and tries to get away from so unsatisfactory a state.

Certain forms of opportunity stand ready for his need. They have afforded relief in just such cases for centuries. If one is tired of eventless days, and weary of being an unnoted cipher in the great world; if one wishes to become of momentary consequence at a bound; if he would share in an affair and hazard on its outcome, he may gamble. A thousand forms of play invite him to this course. If he would feel the keen throbs of expectation; if he would indulge in the anticipatory imaging of possible results; if he would give himself an interest in which he can figure as a principal, he may play. Playing will give him a place among his fellows. They become interested in his "ordering." For a brief moment he will have occupation and an end. The wholly idle Romans experienced the same necessity and disposed of it in the same way. His well-groomed and sufficiently provided brother of today feels the same lack, and does likewise. Can the half-idle man be utterly condemned for giving vent to that energy which he is forced to express, in ways which have appealed and still appeal because of their peculiar fitness in supplying a situation with a strong emotional feeling? It is not in a figure of speech alone that life is a game. Normal life is a game in that it calls forth the reserve forces of the entire organism. It excites interest; it proposes ends; it organizes activities; it arouses hope; it promises, and fulfills or fails. That life which calls forth but little of enthusiasm, which tends to be performed as a reflex action, which has little of the meaning which men prize, which is a constant tedium—that life demands its counterpart, either in the normal or in the abnormal form. Its tedium must be broken by moments of excitement, its dullness by moments of stimulation. Possibilities, remote ends, expectations, must be introduced, that the pent-up energy of life may flow out in hopes, or fears, or anticipations. Something must be initiated and carried out to its result by the self. And in every case in which freedom to originate has not yet been attained, the form which this extemporized task takes is a form supplied by society, and having upon it the hall-marks of many centuries of use. The evils which men do are social habits which, in spite of their blameworthiness, have still the redeeming virtue of being actions

—of furthering the process of life. In the nineteenth ward of Chicago there is a large Italian colony, 57 per cent. of whose producing members are not employed regularly, and the average term of idleness among them is seven months out of every twelve. It is difficult to imagine how this community could keep the peace without the occupation which various small games of chance afford. The non-intellectual, non-inventive oriental is devoted to gaming and to opium. Is not the pre-supposition great that with him national vices have consumed much of that energy which with us, through invention, has become national gain? And the same division is true of ourselves in a less striking degree. Activity is indeed an omnipresent law, but not advancement.

The theater is of use here also; but its character is slightly changed. The bill-boards are more glaring; the plot is more frankly avowed; the hero, more heroic; the villain, more blackly villainous; the actors, all more exuberant. The situations portrayed here are unreservedly emotional. Anyone who has been on the Bowery or on Halsted street when the theaters are closing cannot have failed to note that the crowds which they pour into the street are both larger and more enthusiastic than those with which he may be familiar elsewhere. If he is of a reflective turn of mind, he will find food for meditation in this difference. The play which makes no attempt to be subtle, and the tendency to bright and daring colors in dress, may seem to him to have a common basis. They belong to a condition in which the machinery of attention and discrimination is not highly developed. They are followed because they, of themselves, take hold.

And devotion to books is not wanted here. Has not the patronage of just such sections of our cities rendered the business of writing "detective tales" the most profitable form of labor which a "literary man" can pursue? And the shop-girl who is able to ride to her work is seldom without a book—generally of a pitiable kind.

But the favorite form of artificial stimulus is not to be found in gambling, nor in the theater, nor in books. It is found in the saloon. Men drink for many reasons, chief among which is this:

that the normal process of life is dependent upon certain forms of stimuli for its furthering, in the failure to find which men are drawn to a false form of stimulus—a stimulant. Now, the gaining of an outlet for activity is internally necessitated, and is a result always in so far valuable. The question remains: Does the stimulant furnish the necessary outlet? There is abundant evidence upon this point. Specialists and laymen agree that the stimulant removes the dead weight of sameness and apathy which hitherto obtained; that it sets free the tension of the cells. The stimulant enters the blood, is distributed to all parts of the body, and for a time relieves the tension, wherever found. That wine at dinner aids digestion is well known. Everywhere it causes an increased emission of nerve energy. In the place of the sense of weakness it gives a temporary feeling of power. The man who knows himself to be of little consequence under its influence seems to himself to be of great importance to the world. "The hesitating man becomes fluent, the dull man bright, the slow man quick, the serious man sees a joke with an unwonted readiness of appreciation." The heart beats more rapidly; there is an exultation of the mind, a freeing of emotional life, pleasurable ideas, rapid thought, unusual merriment. In the absence of the demanding power of thought-consuming or creative work; in conditions where the demanding power of fellow-individuals is either wanting or unrecognized, where activity is stored and stimulus almost impossible, the saloon offers a stimulant which, for a brief period, helps on the process of consciousness and makes a crude thinker of a brain unused to thought. The process is valuable; in the conditions which now obtain it is necessary; but it is also baneful.

This view is not new; it is old; but of late it has passed unnoticed. In the clamor for social reform the individual has been overlooked. The sage Heraclitus declares: "It is a pleasure to souls to become moist." Esdras had it in mind when he wrote of wine that "it maketh the mind of the king and of the fatherless child to be all one, of the bondman and of the free-man, of the poor and of the rich. It turneth every thought into jollity and mirth, so that a man remembereth neither sorrow nor

debt; and it maketh every heart glad." Clement, in the *Instructor*, bears like testimony: "It is fitting that some apply wine by way of physic, for the sake of health alone; others for purposes of relaxation and enjoyment." "For first, wine makes the man who has drunk it more benignant than before, more agreeable to his boon-companions, kinder to his domestics, and more pleasant to his friends; but when intoxicated, he becomes violent instead. . . . It has therefore been well said: 'A joy to the soul and heart, was wine created from the beginning, when drunk in moderate sufficiency.'"

At the thought of temperance societies one finds Renan wrathfully exclaiming: "Deprive the poor of the only joy they have on promising them a paradise which will never be theirs! Why will you prevent these unhappy people from plunging a moment into the ideal? These are perhaps the hours when they have a real value." An English rhymester has crystallized the same thought in a couplet more true than poetical:

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er all the ills of life victorious.

But it is evident that any principle which explains the actions of a certain class of men must submit to a universal application—if it be indeed a real principle—and this one does. Some men drink in their grief, to force the energy of thinking on to other thoughts, just as others listen to hope-producing words. Some drink in their joy, to urge their feelings on; and everywhere in society, emptiness of interest, lack of responsibility, failure to find organically related stimuli, leads to the use of stimulants. It is not alone the poor man who drinks. His richer brother, who has not given real thought-demanding hostages to fortune, is in the same predicament, and finds relief in the same process. No organ of the body will endure to be cast aside without protesting. If the external excitation which we call sensation is a release of tension; if a stimulus approaching an organ of sense does this, why may not its pseudo-type, a stimulant, have the same effect and be called for by the same tension in the absence of a normal stimulus which will release it? But why is the normal stimulus absent that the false one must

be resorted to? The answer is that the stimulus is not supplied us from without. Its appearance is never merely an adventitious coming. It is not thrust upon us. The process of our own activity determines its kind. It is like the activity—poor and insufficient when it is poor and insufficient. The specialist finds sensations where other men discover nothing. We are not surprised that our activity finds nothing to feed upon, nothing which calls for thought in certain situations. After we have exhausted the desert we are lonesome, and smoke or drink for the new effects which they will bring to us. Now, the point at which stimuli fail and stimulants enter differs for different men in strict correspondence with their fund of interests, with the breadth of their past activity, *i. e.*, with their education. One whose experience of life has furnished him with few avenues of escape from himself will give up very soon. The man of larger responsibilities will hold out longer; while the truly educated man, whose real interests should be almost infinite in their extent, will not soon fail to find, in any situation, sensations to relieve the tension which the on-flowing of his stream of activity supplies. Now, the pathos of the situation is in the fact that society has said unto some, "Work; others will think;" while nature has said: "The two processes are one. I have made an organism with an impulsive nature, to meet the exigencies of a changing world." "But," it is said, "you are attacking divisions of labor." I am. I cannot understand how an organism which is both a brain and a hand can act as either one alone, without producing serious results. We are eager to recognize this fact in the case of the so-called brain-worker. A thousand forms of muscular exercise are provided for him, and everywhere he is urged to use them. But who has yet set up a gymnasium to exercise the brain of the hand-worker? Where even is the principle recognized or treated seriously? Until the problems of society become the problems of each member of society; until the social life itself shall furnish adequate material to fund the energy of men; until normal stimuli are provided, the abnormal, the false stimuli, will be in demand. For human energy will not be cribbed, cabined, or confined. If it functions normally, we call it good; if it

functions to the harm of society, we instinctively call it bad. But the question remains over: Is not anything which furthers its processes of functioning in that measure good—a natural good, if not a moral good? But the process is harmful, desperately harmful, to society. Drunkenness is insanity. The period of stimulation is brief. Soon inflammation produces deterioration of tissues. One by one, in the order of their importance, the higher centers succumb to its spell, while the mad revelry of the lower centers increases. Drunkenness is indeed abnormal, but may we not also say that the abnormality existed first in the conditions upon which it ensues?

Not only does the use of stimulants help on a necessary process, it also serves to preserve certain resultants of thought and feeling which, originally possessed as hopes, and failing to be enameled in action, are kept from falling out of consciousness by an emotional revival, in conditions where they appear more possible than they really are, thus treasuring them against the day of their actuality. Certain considerations, certain views, which appear in consciousness as felt truth, must be kept there. In the humdrum of life they tend to slip away and fall out of consciousness entirely. Yet civilization is dependent upon their retention, and upon their being felt. But ordinary life may furnish no experience akin to them to stimulate their reappearance. They are not realized, they are not achieved; they become hopeless hopes and die. Yet the stimulant may do what stimulus and experience cannot do. It may revive the departing hope, and fill it with such warmth of worth and being as to make it seem no longer a hope, but a possession. One hardly doubts that Greece profited by the bacchanals. The orgies, vile as they were, yet may have loaned this value to the common life. As in remorse, if one could only cease to dream, he might forget; so here, to cease to drink might be to lose a valued past, to bury it beneath a load of empty days.

And, if special and supplementary proof be needed, it may be found in the fact that all forms of cure which have been in any measure successful have proceeded more or less unconsciously upon this same principle. They have supplanted drinking

by other and more satisfactory forms of expression. But their success has been exactly proportionate to the measure in which they demanded the conscious activity of their members. Trade unions have raised many forms of manual work to the dignity of professions, in which their members are brought to a very lively consciousness of the social value of their labor, and are imbued with a real enthusiasm for it. In less successful ways special forms of political and social agitation have commanded the attention of men, and in the same degree have proven formidable rivals of the saloon. In many instances the enthusiasm of religion has been communicated, producing the same result. Every form of organization which calls forth and expresses vital interests is an enemy to the saloon. But, alas, of the multitude of organizations created for this purpose most have been failures. Splendid schemes they are, many of them, to impress men, but not to express them.

The justification of the arts and crafts movement is to be found here. Its demand is that the hand shall serve the brain, at least in a small part of its work. Its wholesale condemnation of all forms of machine labor, and its apotheosis of the unaided hand, are hardly necessary corollaries. Shorn of gratuitous sentimentalism, the reform which it seeks to effect is to be accomplished by substituting a better habit for a bad one, and this is the only way in which the bad one can be rooted out. When psychology was no farther advanced than in the time of Plato, it was possible to consider the functions proper for the largest part of society as manual alone. At the present time, however, when the differences among men are not commonly regarded as qualitative, Plato's social distinctions will no longer hold. The hand-worker is also a brain-worker; at least he has a brain which cannot well be prevented from working, and must have opportunity.

It is sometimes the bane of reformers to be too easily satisfied with their own plans of saving men. The public mind is full of reasonless causes for, and profitless methods of, treating this problem. We are told that drinking is a "search for unearned pleasure," whereas, in the strict sense, there can be no

search for unearned pleasure, for to search for it is the earnest of its due. Another says, "Men drink because they are tired," overlooking the fact that the normal restorer of exhausted cells is always more easily purchased and more agreeable. But if special warrant for this treatment be demanded, it will be found in a table of "Means Suggested to Lessen the Consumption of Intoxicating Liquors among the People," appearing in the Twelfth Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor, entitled *Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem*. The opinions are collected from proprietors and managers of various establishments employing labor, and present an interesting expression of the trend of public opinion upon this question.

In speaking of scientists' abstaining from metaphysical questions, Huxley once said: "Those who lay down the law seem to forget that a wise legislator will consider, not merely whether his proposed enactment is desirable, but whether obedience to it is possible. For if the latter question be answered negatively, the former is hardly worth debate." Now, it is interesting to note that out of a total of 4,914 responses received, 1,103 advocate prohibition, 769 urge that drinking men be refused employment, 445 point to high license, 180 speak of education, 159 demand the abolition of the saloons, while 136 see relief in moral and religious training, etc. Out of a total of 4,914 replies only 316 are for education as a cure. Now, it is the therapeutic value of this statement that it shows the futility of setting up a fixed condition outside men, and hoping by its presence to reform them. It is opportunity for expression of human energy which is demanded, and nothing short of this will effect a cure. Men are so poor in nothing as in the poverty of thought. It is an enlargement of interests with opportunities for their expression which must be offered them.

The contention is not that men *must* drink, but that human beings who are not by nature slaves—not even slaves to habit—but have within them the god-like potency of self-determination, are being used by the world, and not using it. Human life is at bottom an activity which must go on, and does go on. If perchance more valuable forms of stimuli have not been organized

into the body of its experience, less valuable ones must take their place. When thinking fails, hallucination is possible—is *necessary*, until death comes. “But this is determinism.” Nay, not so; for freedom does not consist in the power to create or destroy impulses, but rather to choose among them. To be free is to be permitted to choose one’s master, not to be masterless.

With a legitimate pride in intelligence, we say that mind makes the world; that its reality is the reality which shines in things; that the tender heart, the clear thought, and the rugged will are qualities like unto God’s. In short, we are idealists, and we confess that consciousness is the only development that is worth our care; that consciousness is of social nature, and does not express itself save in the interactions of being’s whole; that there are ranks and dignities in its appearances; and yet, with such a faith, we stand idly by and witness consciousness depraved to hallucination in our fellows. We rise in our wrath when we are told that men must work in conditions which destroy their bodies. May we not be quite as careful that they need not pervert their minds? But how? By a process called education, and but imperfectly known among us; a process of organizing the interests of the universe into the experience of each man, so that he shall no longer lack for anything, but in himself possess the fullness of the whole.

Yet it must be confessed that a certain pitiable inertia obtains among men, whereby they are too easily satisfied with lesser forms of experience, and far too little prone to look around to a worthier form of being. In that he does not rise and then assert his own dignity, the man who drinks is responsible for his own condition. To say that society is to blame is to make but a poor abstraction. Society, as different from men, is no scapegoat. It is men themselves who are the scapegoats, and most of all those men who with our common talents bring such a poor accounting in.

And yet the opportunities for choice are not quite even. If communism is due to obtain anywhere, it must be in the realm of intelligence. As yet it does not obtain there. The greatest

estimates of value and method do not pass current. The all-sufficiency of the normal world to meet every demand of the human being is a tale rather than a principle. Of no time in history is this so true as now. Under the very caption of a heaven-soaring idealism, men are busy preaching a gross materialism. "Make men better!" But how? "Mend the body, mend the purse, mend the laws!" But seldom is it said, "Mend men themselves, by pointing them to greater possibilities—their own." Behold our interest in the school! In how far has it ceased to be sophistic? In how far has it ceased to contribute formal powers? And yet it must become Socratic, pointing men within themselves, enabling them to re-collect themselves. And because the school, and nothing but the school, can do this, it must ever hold the largest place in the attention of men. Not the school which is in the schoolhouse alone, but every form which can serve to organize the world into human experience. We must drive out the word *need* by bringing back the word *culture*, which is over-need, fullness. And even at the present day, when men shake their heads ominously at such a doctrine, it must be reasserted that human salvation is in consciousness, and in and through a larger and richer development of consciousness than men have heretofore attained.

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